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FROM

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Printed in the Y E A R MDCCLXXXIII.

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(8)
TO THE

Right Hon. * * * *

MY LORD,

WHEN an opposition was first talked of in the County of Longford, borrowing my ideas from your friends, I was inclined to think not very favourably of your Lordship; and to my contempt for your character, not to a conviction of the honesty of your intentions or the propriety of your measures, you stand indebted for my silence. I was too candid to decide on the demerits of the piece, while the plot was yet heightening, and before it had received

received the last touch and colouring from the arch-master. But, *for the future*, silence might be mistaken for approbation, and mercy for a participation of guilt. Come forward then, thou weak young man, and I will introduce you to yourself. You will not meet Truth at Castle-F——, you will not meet her at Fox-hall, you will not meet her in the gloomy recesses of your heart, which, though thrice dipped in Styx, may I hope have one vulnerable part about it. The character of BLACK GEORGE is indeed well known to the village which your name disgraces, and to those unhappy persons whom Heaven in its wrath has doomed to be your tenants.

I have read with attention most of the scandalous letters, with which you have insulted, not misled, the County, from the laborious *nothings* of "POP-LICOLA" that *pamphleteering* slave of party, to the undisguised falsehoods of the
petulant

petulant "LONGFORD." The same evil spirit agitates them all.

I shall preface my correspondence by remarking, that *your* party stands in the singular predicament of professing without principle, and canvassing without honour. Other candidates have acted thro' the whole of this interesting business with the strictest propriety of conduct. No ungentlemanly insinuations have been *whispered* by them. Starting in the same honourable race, they hope by fair running to win the prize. Turn the picture and behold yourself—You first opposed Col. Gore thro' *pique*, and every species of electioneering artifice and low intrigue have characterised your opposition. Your aid-de-camps have shewn a peculiar adroitness in circulating whispers, and filching the good name of every man in the county, who is become your enemy by shewing you a good example; while the public prints have attacked

Col.

Col. Gore, the ostensible object of your resentment, Lord Longford, Sir William Newcomen, Captain Pakenham, and Mr. Harman, as the exigencies of your party required, and the puerilities of your malice suggested. Like a coward in the company of women, you have strutted and blustered without an antagonist, confounding every decorum of character, and mistaking general contempt for security and triumph.

But, in the name of common sense, can such a *thing* as *YOU* conceive what public virtue means? None but brave and generous spirits worship at the altars of *independence*. Wretches, who desert the army thro' fear of being ordered on service—who revel with the spoils of a tortured tenantry—who, with ample fortunes, refuse to pay their fathers' servants and labourers, and by an ingenious consummation of depravity, add perjury to plunder, by *first promising* to pay them. Such wretches are not there.—By what absurd excess of folly can you presume
to

to profess independent principles in stubborn contradiction to facts? Happy indeed is it for this County that your abilities are not commensurate to your vicious inclination ; thus your hypocrisy becomes innoxious, every description of men see thro' the flimsy disguise, and execrate the guilt it would conceal. Your privy-council, my Lord, have many tongues, but few eyes. On every occasion the press groans with your panegyrics, who trumpet forth your independent principles, liberal education, and patriotic connections, without seeing that you have not a ray of understanding to illuminate the depravity of your heart ; and that, as they blunder on in calling our attention to your Lordship, their eulogiums operate as the most poignant satire, and multiply votes and good wishes to the other candidates. If any thing on earth can return Col. Gore, it is *your* opposition. As to your patriotic connections, I know them not.—Why then this frivolous affectation

tion of concealing what you are? It cannot be from an impulse of conscience. Self-entombed in idiotism, your vacant countenance belies your heart, which is not inactive in vice. My Lord, you oppose Col. Gore thro' *resentment*, and of this we are thoroughly convinced. The Lord Chief Justice of the King's-Bench, when he obtained the office of Custos Rotulorum, made you his inveterate foe. Weak and depraved minds know not how to forgive. The separation, however, of this honour from the lieutenancy of the County (which were generally united in your family thro' that despotic system which oppressed Ireland) is considered by men of real independence as an omen of happier changes. Your family were our governors thro' the courtesy of the times. Ireland slumbers no more; and perhaps the day is not far off, when a weak and inconclusive *precedent* shall no longer entail disgrace on the County of Longford, in which Dean Harman,

Lord

Lord Annaly, Sir William Newcomen, and perhaps some others, have much better estates and more respectable tenantry than your Lordship.

On the death of your father (who compared with you was a man of worth) you succeeded to an ample fortune and the management of two boroughs ; and, Sir Ralph Fetherstone dying soon after, you had an opportunity of commencing your career with eclat. But how did you act in a period so peculiarly critical and eventful ? How did you fill the vacancy in your prostituted borough of St. John's-Town, which had saddled poor Sir Ralph with a title as a reward for his services ? Your Lordship without a virtue but consistency acted like yourself, *and gave the seat to government*—who deeming it unnecessary to treat such a *trader* as you with even common forms, explained your principles and *recorded* your infamy, by immediately putting in, without

without ceremony or disguise, a very creature of their own. If then Col. Gore is to be turned out for voting, when he could attend, against the interests of Ireland, how dare your Lordship solicit the support of men of honour? Entangled with old connections, and straitened by the generous acts which distinguish him from your Lordship in private life, and perhaps weakened by indisposition, he had not the spirit to throw up his place. He trespassed from *necessity*, you from deliberate *choice*, without one solitary plea of extenuation; and are as much more criminal as in the scale of guilt wilful murder rises above man-slaughter in self-defence. With such parts, such a mind, and such *recorded* principles, from your batteries in the Castle you presume to range through the County, and discharge your heavy artillery among us. But permit me to ask you a few questions. Who is it that *writes* for you?—Suspicion cannot point her finger

finger at yourself, for you cannot read. Is it then that whip-syllabub of asses milk, the ingenious *Test Orator*, who deserts a beautiful and accomplished woman, whom he had sworn before God and Man to protect, wandering in search of objects of taste which he has not the capacity to understand; and pleasures which he cannot enjoy, without escaping from himself? Or is it rather that bird of passage and eccentric being, the cream-coloured paper-warrior, the miracle of paradoxes, and flower of political chivalry? Spring these baneful weeds of scurrility and falsehood from the overflowing of his gall? My Lord, his immaculate heart has recently experienced a general goal delivery, and he will write for you no more. Commencing politician too soon, and volunteering too late, he at length, in an agony of despair, perceives himself outwitted by the weakest of the human species, deserted, disappointed, and forgotten!—I must
 confess

confels a certain *delicacy* of sentiment and expreffion marked fome of thofe productions in which your Lordſhip figured as the hero (for through the whole of this letter, I have confidered Mr. F—— only as your *puppet*) which ſeem to owe their birth to the *mixed* company at a certain *political Infirmary*, where unſound hearts, unſound heads, and unſound reputations infect the imagination. The profligacy without the wit of Comus muſt corrupt the heart. Some paſſages we trace up to the fountain head. Your Lordſhip, for example, *not* Mezentius, lent Poplicola the pleaſant conceit of coupling a dead body with a living one. Indeed, my Lord, thoſe wits, whom you feed, take many liberties with you. They dance, and ſing, and act, and laugh, and grow fat at your expence; and, indulging a vein of inhospitable raillery, they allow but two characters to your Lordſhip,--by day a *Sir John Brute*, by night a *Fribble*.

A word

A word or two about your Candidate, and I have done. With abilities little superior to your own, you have obtruded him on the public eye. But what claim has Mr. F—— to the honour of representing this County? His ancestors 'tis true from generation to generation have *muddled* at Foxhall, but without ever insulting the County by an attempt to represent it. I admit the antiquity of their race, though unnoticed in the annals of love and chivalry. I admit too their son is not *degenerate*, as he has already lost a mistress for want of spirit. Dull as your intellects, my Lord, appear to be, even you perceive that his panegyrists rest his qualifications on his *descent*, because they suspect *he* never could be "introduced into the County of Longford by the hands of a fair lady," as his brother Candidates, who possess thrice his property, as well as thrice his virtues and abilities, honourably boast, with many other respectable personages in the County.

County. Even you perceive that with a curious infelicity they blazon forth his talents, because he is not quite so weak as his father—except in his ambition—and for the first time commend his generosity, because he has been liberal in bribes.

Nothing but a regard for justice and retribution could have induced me to commence this correspondence. The mind dwells with loathing on such characters as your Lordship's, which, like the animal that eludes the hunter by the *sweetness of its perfumes*, too often escape public reprehension by a mere excess of enormity. Trespas no longer on my contempt, or it may rise into anger——And never did such a field for satire invite the lash—Be any thing but yourself, my Lord—Starve your led-captains and buffoons into better manners——and remember

JUNIUS ALTER.